

## ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, BEFORE AND AFTER THE FIRE



THE COMMANDANT TAKES THE COLONY BY STORM. UNPRECEDENTED MEETINGS. WAVES OF ENTHUSIASM! SINNERS CRYING FOR MERCY! EXPLOITS AND ADVENTURES!

BY BRIGADIER HOLLAND.

Once more I am reporting the Commandant's message. Not in Ontario this time; not even in the distant Province of Quebec; but in the far off, and certainly much misnamed, island of Newfoundland. What strange ideas people get of certain things with which they are not perfectly acquainted! What every-day experiences we get of this in the Army. Here there and everywhere we come across a certain set of critics who knowing but little about us, will continue to judge us as being something altogether different to what we really are. Now Newfoundland, like the Army, has suffered much from this kind of faulty. We have come across people who imagine it to be a place famous only for its

**Fish, Fogs and Dogs.** with a storm-swept coast on which no regular sea can thrive, and peopled only by a few adventurous fishermen, who have made it their home because of its convenient situation to the great fishing grounds. How different are the facts! Newfoundland is what William the Conqueror is reported to have said of England. It is

**"A Right Little Tight Little Island."** Somewhat larger than Ireland, and inhabited by as brave and hearty a race of men as ever pulled us out or cut us out. It is true that the fishery is the chief employment of the people just now, but fishing, ship-building, and other industries are developing. Indeed these



**A LIVELY SALVATION MEETING.**

**Wholesale Catch.** is every evidence to show that the country is developing into a prosperous and thrifty colony of which old England may justly be proud. Newfoundland has been more misnamed; it has been misrepresented. Though the Oldest Colony which England can boast of must be admitted that she has treated her eldest daughter very badly. Perhaps the fact that she is not so good looking as some other more favored colonies, went against her. Look at her dangerous climate. After all beauty is only skin deep, and no doubt time will prove that this badly adorned country has just as good qualities as some colonies which so far have fared better. For over two hundred years also suffered a grave injustice. Interested persons in England brought their influence to bear on their Government and secured

the passage of an act making it illegal for any person to settle on the island. By this means it was hoped that the promoters of the bill would be able to

**Enjoy the Monopoly of the Fishery** and for this purpose fleets of fishing vessels were despatched from England every year. This bill, however, true to his reputation, saw through the ruse, and made up his mind not to submit to an unjust law. So in spite of the remonstrances of the British authorities these hearty settlers of the sea built their houses on these rocky heights, and after a long and stubborn fight won the battle of freedom, which they now enjoy.

Our journey from Toronto was long and tedious. Rich of freedom, do not take kindly to cages, even though the wires be gilded; and no amount of nineteenth century comfort could make the Commandant and his Secretaries contented to remain in a railway carriage any longer than was absolutely necessary. After spending all Thursday night on the car, we arrived in Montreal the following morning, and were duly met at the station by Staff-Captain, Bennett and a small party of officers. The day was spent in doing general business, chiefly with regard to the new Free Fish Steamer and the French work. A few words of encouragement and help to the French officers, the Commandant boarded the C. P. R. train at eight p.m., and was soon full speed ahead for the Atlantic coast. At St.

**He Disembarked and was Immediately Surrounded** by as lively and out-and-out a lot of Salvationists as it has ever been my privilege to meet. Once ashore, a ring was speedily formed by Staff-Captain Reed, and in quicker time than his talk to write an address was read, which was full of hearty and loyal welcomes and

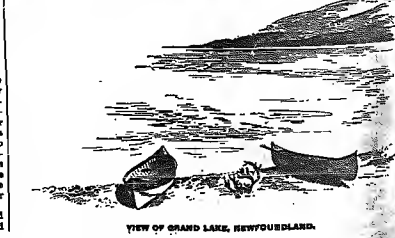
John, we were met by Brigadier-General, who travelled with us to Halifax. The time spent together was taken up with matters of business relating chiefly to the Brigadier's command. Owing to "Unforeseen Circumstances," a convenient provision, very much used by ship owners and their agents, our boat was a day late in arriving in port, causing us an unpleasant delay. However, at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, the good ship Newfoundland met off her mooring lines, fired a couple of bombs as a signal of her departure, and was soon lost to the view of the party of officers who had assembled to see us off. The voyage to St. John was a very uneventful one, and over the seventy weary hours spent between the decks of that stout vessel, we cannot do better than draw a curtain. On Friday morning the vessel arrived, and looking through the port hole we discovered



SIR ROBERT THORBURN (Chairman of Newfoundland).

that we were at last entering "The Narrows," two beautiful headlands forming a most desirable entrance to a magnificent natural harbor. Once inside its calm waters, the scene changed. The monotony of the holocaust was relieved by the sight of unnumbered Salvationists flitting here, there and everywhere about the wharf, each anxious to catch a glimpse of the Commandant, who has the honor to be the first member of the General's family to visit these far-off shores, and a right royal welcome they had in store for him. After the ship's captain and some of the saloon passengers had said good-bye to the Commandant.

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VIEW OF GRAND LAKE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Early next morning the Commandant and party started off on their travels into across "the barrens," as far north as St. John's Harbor, a full report of which is given by Staff-Captain Reed.

Eight days later we arrived back in St. John, where the Commandant announced a very heavy campaign with a reception, banquet and meeting. The former was held in the St. John's barracks, and the latter at No. 1. Both buildings were tastefully decorated, and the audience and banquets spoke much for the love which these Newfoundlanders have for their leader. The banquet was well gotten up, and at least two sittings were necessary to accommodate those who attended.

**The Welcome Meeting was a Rouser.**

Every soldier and officer seemed bent on making the Commandant feel at home, which he certainly appeared to be. Staff-Captain Reed read an address welcoming him on behalf of the Newfoundland contingent, which the crowded congregation voiced by rising to their feet and firing a volley.

The Commandant's reply was well spoken, and before the close of the meeting he had been "swallowed wholesale." This gathering was of the most hearty description, and the welcome given by these hearty warriors will live long in their leader's memory.

On Saturday the Commandant conducted council for Field officers. Unfortunately it was not possible for them all to be present as the

**Ice Renders Navigation Impossible**

in many places during the winter months. Nevertheless, we had a good time. The officers received advice and instruction which will be helpful to them in the days to come. How pleased they appeared to be to have the chance of listening to the Commandant. God bless them! Their work comes nearer to that of the discipline than any I have yet seen. The majority of them were, I believe,

**Fishermen or Fishermen.**

who gladly left their boats and nets to follow their master, and the Army work on this island is a grand living monument of their devotion and self-sacrifice. What simplicity of habit, of dress and talk is to be found among them. This is as it should be.

This meeting was followed by a council of war for soldiers, and a blessed time it was. It is a pity space will not permit the insertion of the Commandant's remarks for the benefit of soldiers everywhere.

Sunday's "All day for souls" will long be remembered by those present. Long before the commencement of each meeting the old No. 1 barracks was literally packed—gallery, saloon, platform, and every available spot.

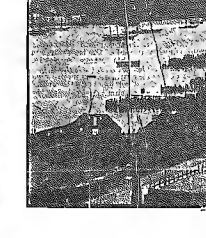
What a day it was! How those people sang! How the soldiers and officers prayed!

**It was like a European!**

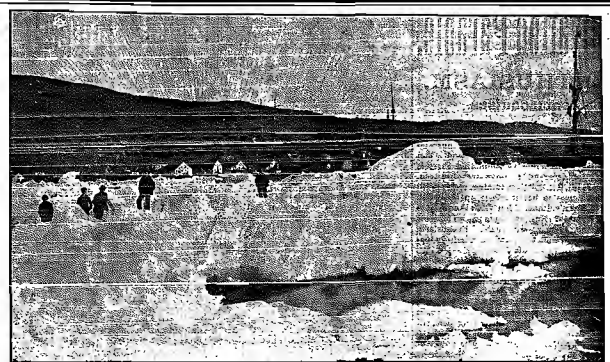
Then the singing, how they trembled, and how we rejoiced together when bookholders and sinners, one after another volunteered for salvation, until we counted no less than twenty-two for the day, in addition to another twelve who came out at an overflow meeting, led by Staff-Captain Reed.

What a most interesting and profitable meeting some would make for the War Cry!

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ST. JOHN'S AFTER THE FIRE (another view).



ST. JOHN'S HARBOUR IN WINTER.

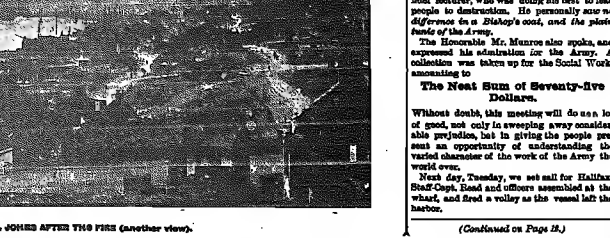
What a thrilling sight it was to see that fine grey-haired man, with a large piece of blue ribbon on his coat, making his way from the front seat of the gallery and a long way to the platform! He was a young woman who screamed for mercy



PELITRE POINT, BAY OF ISLANDS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

for an hour and a half and who danced and jumped when the music rolled away. (All)though it was a memorable day from every point of view it is at night; indeed at 11 p.m. nobody seemed at all anxious to leave the building.

**The Place was Packed,** and a pretty sight it presented. The chairs were people, who were admitted by special invitation. Long before the hour of commencing the



ST. JOHN'S AFTER THE FIRE (another view).

Monday evening, our last night on the island, was reserved for an address on the General's "Dearest England" scheme in the large Methodist Tabernacle. This is a spacious wooden building erected since the fire on the old-fashioned plan. The announcement of the meeting had created wide-spread interest, and was attended by no less than thirteen hundred

taken by the Honorable Jas. I. Robertson, Esq., and Sir Robert Thorburn, ex-Chairman of the Colony; the Hon. Mr. Munroe, M.P. Corporation, a tried friend of the Army, and the Hon. Mr. McMillan, Superintendent of the Methodist schools, occupied seats on the platform, while in the congregation sat Lady Thorburn, Mrs. Marshall, the Government Engineer, Messrs. Graham and McNeill, our old friend Mr. Henderson, and a large number of St. John's best citizens.

The chairman said he felt it an honor to preside. He admitted the Army and believed Mrs. Booth's Memory was an

in the hearts of all Christian people the world over.

The Commandant was enthusiastically received, and dealt with his subject in a firm and most interesting manner. The congregation was cheerful and responsive throughout.

After a successful meeting followed when some story of the Salvation Army was told, and, as the hour of the evening drew on, the Commandant, in a voice of deep earnestness, exhorted the people to the down-trodden and dejected submerged tenth of present England's population. These people are evidently alive to the danger of strong drink. The announcement that not one of the Army's hundreds of thousands of members ever tasted a drop of intoxicating liquor produced a tremendous sensation. "We have entered one of God Almighty's

**Woos Against the Drink Traffic,** said the Commandant, and the audience cheered to the echo. The brewers, said he, should serve their apprenticeship in the Salvation Army; they would then understand some of the awful consequences of the beer barrel.

The Rev. Mr. Corporation, in proposing a vote of thanks said that seven years ago he had fallen in love with the Salvation Army, and since that time God had blessed his ministerial efforts more than he had done during his whole life before.

**Sir Robert Thorburn Seconded the Resolution,**

and said he hoped we had not forgotten to appreciate the good work done by the Army all the world over. When in London, England, some time ago, he had seen the Army officers at a religious convention on an open space beside an industrial factory, who were doing his best to lead people to destruction. His personal experience was different in a Bishop's coat, and the plain folds of the Army.

The Honorable Mr. Munroe also spoke, and expressed his admiration for the Army. A collection was taken up for the Social Work association.

**The Next Sum of Seventy-five Dollars.**

Without doubt, this meeting will do us a lot of good, not only in sweeping away considerable prejudice, but in giving the people present an opportunity of understanding the social character of the work of the Army's worst day.

Next day, Tuesday, we set sail for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and officers assembled at the wharf, and fired a volley as the vessel left the harbor.



myself. I could gather with the groups  
round the peolants and help with my faith to













